

THE KEYSTONE 1899

LOUISA B. POPPENHEIM,
Editor and Proprietor.

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED
TO WOMAN'S WORK.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Official Organ for the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

Official Organ for the South Carolina Audubon Society.

Official Organ for the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs.

Official Organ for the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

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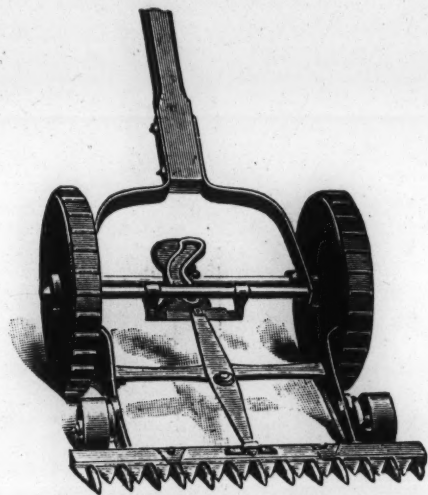
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APRIL.

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The Flower	Daisy.

Editorial.

OBJECTIONS are constantly being made to the practical development of women's organizations because of the lack of a harmonizing influence in woman's co-operative endeavor. So often women are called to face this disquieting condition and long for wisdom and insight into human nature of such quality as to cope with it for the good of the work in hand. It seems to us that the solution of this problem is found in the club ideal embodied in the motto of the General Federation of Women's Clubs—"Unity in Diversity." When women identify themselves with any project—if they could only bear in mind that they are bringing, each one of them, a diversity of talents to a unity of purpose what rapid strides many struggling enterprises for the uplifting of humanity would make!

We, as the official organ of three of the most prominent and progressive State organizations of Southern women, call attention to this idea of testing one's value in organized work with our fellow-woman. Let each member of an organization examine her motive for membership in such organization. If she finds that the purpose for which the organization is created is one for which she can yield up her personal ambitions and, obliterating herself, devote her talents to that especial end in view; then indeed, is she a vital force in that scheme of woman's work.

Human life is made up of the individual lives of mankind, and just as in our diversity we uplift our own ideals so in proportion will the unity of human life be elevated.

Thus we see that this spirit of *impersonal service* is what marks the dividing line between the office seeking time server and the true worker; this same spirit is the one which counts for good in behalf of woman's endeavor; which makes the world better for woman's life, and which finally makes life worth living for the individual woman herself.

APRIL brings with it this year many attractions and interests to the women of South Carolina, but none more potent in its far reaching influence than the Annual Convention of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, which assembles in the Senate Chamber, at Columbia, S. C., on April 22d. Every indication points towards a most valuable and helpful Convention. Columbia being so centrally located, necessarily will draw a large attendance of Delegates, and the State Federation, now numbering fifty-six Clubs, after five years of active work among the women organizations of South Carolina, stands for the highest type of organized effort on the part of South Carolina women. Its aims are broad and catholic; its sympathies rational and wisely directed; and its opportunities for philanthropic, educational, civic and social enlightenment unlimited. These Conventions, composed of the most progressive and cultivated women of various communities, teach lessons of deep import to the onlooker. That these women have the best interests of humanity at heart, is a self evident fact, and, that these interests are being ministered to with a conservative yet sympathetic force, is one of the best pleas for the growth and development of Club work and the Club spirit among Southern women.

ANOTHER important event occurring this month is the Annual Convention of the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs, which will take place on April 29-30th at Crystal Springs, instead of Oxford, Miss., as was first intended. This able body of women has now completed its sixth year of service in behalf of woman's organized effort in Mississippi, and has been ably officered by the most progressive and cultivated women of the State.

The Convention proceedings this year may be somewhat hampered by the unavoidable absence of the State President, but the well-known ability of the Mississippi Club-woman will rally to the support of those officers to whose care the Convention details now fall.

"The Keystone" extends its heartiest greetings to the two State Conventions—Mississippi and South Carolina—which are occurring in such close succession this month, and bids them both "God speed" in their noble efforts in behalf of Education, Philanthropy and Civic endeavors.

THIS world is full of women in various homes and communities who are all striving for the bettering of mankind.

Sincere and earnest in their endeavor we honor them for their good intentions. That they realize no practical results is no sign that the seed sown may not germinate and produce fruit in the years to come. However, as a woman's publication and seeing with the eyes of a woman may we not be allowed a word to those strenuous workers in the rugged fields of philanthropy and reform. To be womanly and of value in the world in that place in which an all wise providence has put one it is always necessary to be symmetrical. The "grace of not too much" is the crowning benediction to a woman's life.

Every power that she has for good is enhanced by the dignity of moderation.

Zeal in these days of half-hearted workers is most commendable but let it be a wisely directed zeal. Let us remember that the panorama of life has many vistas and in gazing down one broad road of high endeavor may we never lose sight of other equally broad and valuable highways.

Many questions are twosided, and simple indeed is that question that is only two sided; some of them are as many sided as the circumference of a circle.

So in promoting our own pet scheme of reform or philanthropy may we be ever mindful of the good intentions, high purposes and noble aspirations of other women and in all our dealings with our fellow women let us be guided by the broad conviction that perhaps if we had the opportunity of her point of view possibly we might see new sides to many old questions long since settled in our own limited mental sphere. What we are all really aiming at in this world is the greatest good to the greatest number and if we should cast in our lot with those who walk under the calm fair banner of moderation we would soon find that many hearts would be won over to our cause and many willing hands would be outstretched to help us in our chosen vocations in life.

A woman has been appointed a Field Examiner by the National Civil Service Commission. This position is most desirable, as it means not only personal honor, but travel and a per diem compensation. In a few days Miss Nettie C. Peterson will start on an examination tour including St. Louis, Kansas City, Topeka, Denver, San Francisco and points in Arizona and New Mexico.

THE Local Board for the Biennial of the General Federation has elected Mrs. Philip N. Moore, president of the Missouri Federation, as its president. The Wednesday Club of St. Louis has pledged \$3,000 for Biennial Expenses, and has offered the use of its rooms for Board meetings. The possibilities are that the Biennial meetings will be held in the "Odeon."

MISSISSIPPI is to have a branch of the United States Daughters of 1812. Mrs. William R. Wright has been appointed organizing president for that State.

"THE KEYSTONE" gets better and better, and we are very proud of our club organ and heartily wish it all the success it deserves.

MRS. LINDSAY PATTERSON,
President of North Carolina State Federation.

HOW can Club-women keep up with their Club work, if they do not see the official reports found in their official organ?

SOUTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS,

"Animis opibusque parati."

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Official news and calls of Federation Committees printed here.

List of Officers.

President—Mrs. Martha Orr Patterson, Greenville, S. C.
First Vice-President—Mrs. L. J. Blake, Spartanburg, S. C.
Second Vice-President—Mrs. T. C. Duncan, Union, S. C.
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Corresponding Secretary—Miss Daisy P. Smith, Spartanburg, S. C.
Treasurer—Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newberry, S. C.
Auditor—Mrs. L. D. Childs, Columbia, S. C.

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD will meet in the Senate Chamber at 4.30 P. M., April 21st. The Board of Directors will meet at the same place at 5 P. M., April 21st.

THE Hanging Rock Club, of Kershaw, The Psyche Culture Club, of Anderson, The Chester Kindergarten Association, The Child Study Club, of Rock Hill, The Cateechee Club, of Greenwood, have applied for membership to the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

The Cateechee has prepared an admirable programme, making good use of the many historic incidents connected with that region. Among the topics are "Old Cambridge," "The Star Fort," "Old Greenwood and Ninety-Six," "Heroines of the District," "Noted Men of the District who have left their impress on the Nation," "Indian Legends," etc. The discussion of such subjects must increase the patriotism, heighten the aspirations, and stimulate the efforts of the whole community.

THE Credential Committee, composed of Mrs. R. D. Wright, Miss Daisy P. Smith, and Miss Isabel Martin, will meet in Columbia, in the Senate Chamber, at 4 P. M., April 21st, remaining in session until 6 P. M. They will also meet in the same place at 9 A. M., April 22d.

MARTHA ORR PATTERSON.

ALL Clubs are requested to send to me, as soon as possible, the names of Delegates to the coming Convention in Columbia, so that homes may be provided. Delegates arriving in Columbia on Tuesday, April 21st, will be met at all trains from seven o'clock A. M. to seven P. M. Those arriving later than this will apply to station officials for directions to the State House, where a Committee will be in waiting in the Senate Chamber.

(MRS. J.) ETHEL ANDREWS GIBBES,
Secretary Local Committee,
1301 Plain St., Columbia.

THE various Local Committees formed to prepare for the coming Convention of the Federated Women's Clubs are meeting with encouraging success. The Central Committee is composed of some of the most efficient women in Columbia. The names of delegates are coming in slowly; they should be sent in as early as possible.

The Senate Chamber of the Capitol will be the place of all business meetings.

The programme for the week shows that the College for Women will entertain the Convention Tuesday Evening.

Wednesday evening a large reception will be given by the women of Columbia, and Thursday evening will be devoted to Music and Arts. At this Fine Arts Session, special talent from all parts of the State will aid the local talent in the City, and stereoptican views will add to the interest. Domestic Science will also have an important place on the programme.

The Railroads have made a special rate of one fare, and a third for the round trip.

A Committee will meet all trains on Tuesday; those Delegates arriving later will be met only by the entertaining hostesses.

The following Committees have been elected:

Presiding Officer—Miss McClintock.

Assistants—Mrs. Aug. Kohn, Mrs. A. C. Moore.

Hospitality Committee—Mrs. W. B. Burney, Mrs. S. M. Smith, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Childs, Mrs. Hart, Miss Helen McMaster.

Welcoming Reception—Mrs. Allen, Mrs. O'Neale, Mrs. Willis, Mrs. May Capers Satterlee, Miss McCants, Miss Agnes McMaster.

Press Committee—Mrs. Kohn, Mrs. Gantt, Mrs. E. J. Watson, Mrs. Martha Dwight.

Decoration of Hall Committee—Mrs. F. D. Kendall, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Gantt, Miss Mary Lyles.

Art and Music Committee—Mrs. R. W. Gibbes, Mrs. L. D. Childs, Mrs. A. J. Robertson, Miss A. V. Fulkerson, Miss Breland.

Finance Committee—Mrs. Burney, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Kendall, Miss Jones.

Entertainment at Reception Committee—Mrs. Berkely Bryan, Mrs. O. E. Thomas, Mrs. Tazewell Talley, Mrs. Moseley, Mrs. Frank Simms.

Badges and Printing Committee—Mrs. Ed. Robertson, Mrs. Babcock, Miss Louly Shand.

MRS. L. D. CHILDS, Columbia, S. C.

AS Chairman of Art for the South Carolina Federation, I have felt for some time that some word of this work should be sent to "The Keystone."

The Club year was somewhat advanced before we could accomplish anything, as we were waiting for "an appropriation" to enable us to get on our feet.

Our President, Mrs. M. O. Patterson, kindly secured us a small sum, and it was sent promptly by the Treasurer. Just when we were made happy over this small beginning, we were made happier by a visit from Mrs. Patterson to our Clubs in Chester. We were greatly cheered and helped by her charming presence and good counsel. She encouraged me very much in my plan to work up a Circulating Art Collection. I have had a very neat little case made for holding the collection, and I bought quite a number of pictures, unframed, but mounted on strong card-board, and there are seventeen of the Perry pictures that were turned over to me by the former Chairman, Miss Willis. These are given to Clubs for use in schools. I have received and filled several calls for these pictures.

Mrs. Ira B. Jones, of Lancaster, is associated with me in this work. She is an energetic, capable Club-woman, and has given me substantial assistance. I shipped the case of pictures to Lancaster last month, free of rates, through the kindness of Mr. Springs, President of the road. The Clubs there met to examine the collection, and held what they called "a picture show."

Our plan for the present is to sell the pictures to Clubs, for gifts to schools, or for home use, and replenish the case when empty.

The Lancaster Club-women were most kind, Mrs. Jones writes me, "all the pictures were sold but three." We feel very grateful to these Club-women for their help and encouragement to our work in "not despising the day of small things." By this help we are enabled to make a little step forward. I have supplied the case now with several beautiful pictures with frames, glass, and wire, ready for the wall. They are of historical interest, and very pleasing and pretty as works of art. We hope the next place to which we send the case will make us indebted to them for lending a hand to our first toddling steps; and with your help we promise to *grow fast and strong* and make the presence of the art department known and felt, in the great work of the Federation.

Chester, S. C.

MRS. A. G. BRICE,
Chairman of Art.

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The Confederate Bazaar.

A GAIN "The Keystone" calls the attention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the arrangements which are being made for the Confederate Bazaar to be held in Richmond, April 15-30th, for the joint benefit of the Jefferson Davis Monument and the Confederate Museum. Many Chapters and many Daughters of the Confederacy individually have already sent contributions to the Bazaar, but there is room for many more articles on all the tables. To the women of South Carolina, Mississippi and North Carolina we once more call in the name of the Confederate Cause. The two South Carolina women in charge of the South Carolina table have set for their table the standard of Number Two, leaving for their hostess—Virginia—the more conspicuous place of Number One, but "The Keystone" hopes to find that the three States, whose women honored it by recognition, may all stand bracketed as Number Two.

All express packages under twenty-five pounds sent to the Confederate Bazaar, in care of the Chairman of State Tables, should be sent *collect* at the Richmond end, and thus all trouble about express charges can be avoided.

An interesting excursion to Williamsburg, on March 21st, was given for the benefit of the Virginia Table. The Williamsburg Chapter U. D. C. met the excursion and took it in charge, showed the points of interest in the old Capital, while the Aid Society, of Bruton Church, served lunch for twenty-five cents. The excursion tickets were one dollar, and the season of the year made the occasion a most propitious one. A miniature on ivory of General Lee has been presented to the Solid South Table by Miss Sophie Lowry, a talented miniature painter of Washington.

"My Lady Nicotine," the North Carolina Table, is a happy conceit and is being most artistically carried out by the North Carolina Committee under the able leadership of Miss Blanche Morgan. The design is a charming den fitted up for smoking with cigars, cigarettes and a variety of pipes, even a narghile. The souvenirs for this table are stamp cases and books, the cases having the folded Confederate flag and the North Carolina coat-of-arms.

The following are some of the ladies assisting Miss Morgan in upholding the banner of "the Old North State" at the Bazaar: Mrs. Allison Hodges, Mrs. C. E. Borden, Mrs. Blair Stringfellow, Mrs. C. E. Wingo, Mrs. G. E. Pender, Mrs. W. H. Miles, Mrs. Stuart Bowe, Miss Lilly Urquhart and others.

A one act comedy will be given during the Bazaar in the ball room of the Masonic Temple for the benefit of this table. A "George Washington Pitcher" one of a dozen made in 1783, will be for sale at the North Carolina table. North Carolina will be well represented and all articles sent for this table should be addressed to the Bazaar, care of Miss Morgan, No. 111 East Franklin street, Richmond.

Mississippi is not behind her sister States in her representation at the Bazaar. This committee for practical reasons has changed the name of their table from the "Mississippi Bubble" to that of "Dolly Varden" in honor of the opera of that name. The girls serving at this table will appear in Dolly Varden costumes and the decorations will be made in reference to the well known heroine.

The South Carolina Table has now on its committee one hundred women, ten native South Carolinians and ninety Virginians, who are gallantly assisting their sister State in making a good appearance in Confederate work. The souvenir for this table, an historic plate, has arrived and the committee is rejoicing over the receipt of an order for one hundred of these plates from the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., as a Chapter.

Mr. Perley, of Charlottesville, Va., has presented this table with a beautiful and valuable chair and eight South Carolina Chapters have pledged large boxes to be sent by the Chapter.

Contributions of home cured hams, home made pickles, preserves, wines and cordials, chickens and eggs will be gladly accepted by this Table as the ladies in charge expect many ladies to do their marketing within the walls of the Masonic Temple. Address all contributions to the Bazaar, in care of Mrs. JOHN L. EUBANK, 508 E. Grace St. Richmond, Va.

Persian Tiles.

[A Series of Letters by an American Girl.]

LETTER III.

RESCHT, PERSIA, March 19th, 1903.

DEAR C— I can't believe I'm on Persian soil, but it's true! All along this Persian shore are such glorious snow-capped mountains, a long range from Teheran to Teukoran; many with solid cones of snow and reaching almost straight to the sea. There is a bad bar at Enzeli, which can only be crossed in smooth water, but lots of small boats came over and while we watched the free fights going on in them in which one fellow was nearly choked, another nearly landed in the water and a third got cut across the eye, the little Co.'s steamer finally arrived. And such delights as awaited us. The vain old men dye hair and finger nails—sometimes the whole hand—the color of orange peel which makes them look more like monkeys than ever. They wear a felt hat that looks like a soap bubble cut off below the middle, or else a fez of black Astrakan with a depression at the top. It gives their long heads a very peculiar shape as they wear it tipped back. Their clothes are quite non-descript, but they exist and are of the night-gown type. What do you think of a Persian in "nighty" and Astrakan cap, dyed beard and finger nails, patent leather pumps and spectacles? He is at large. The women seem mostly Mohammedan and are closely veiled with only drawn work mesh to look through.

It has much the air of India though few of the bright colors and so far only three turbans. Rescht seems to be mostly bazaar, but we haven't seen it yet. It is the market where the French come to buy white cocoons. The Syrian cocoons they say aren't pure white. The country people seem to wear coats with sort of short frills; but everyone seems to indulge in shoes, sandals or slippers; bare feet seem out of fashion. I should think they would be with these stones. * * * Teheran is on a plateau 1000 feet high and after you have climbed to the top of the mountains you just keep along on that level. Part of the way there was a rock of most beautiful blue, just the color of the tiles when wet, but I haven't found out what it is. Then as you approach the city the beautiful symmetrical cone of Demarend, 15,000 feet high, comes into view. You wonder where Teheran is—at least you can't find it at night—and when we were told we were within ten minutes of it, we still did not see a vestige of a town. Then suddenly we saw one little light; came to some large and high mud walls, the post and a fine tiled gate and we were inside. We rattled along broad, dark streets lined with trees and running water, which three times ran out and across the road forming ponds; past lots of mud walled gardens and nearly toppled over the café-benches that occupied about half the street; nearly tore off our wheels on the horse-car track; spun along avenues of beautiful trees as round as balls (they are elms grafted male and female) and at last pulled up at the English hotel. I wish you might have seen the lovely birds on the telegraph wires on that drive—black, blue, yellow, green and white in splendid combinations? It is the Lent of the Shiites and makes Persia very sombre as all the women and children are obliged to dress in black. They say at other times they dress in brilliant colors.

In Teheran in the Shah's palace we saw the famous "Peacock Throne," if not the same one, a copy of the one brought from Delhi. It is a gold chair on a platform the whole thing done in green enamel and gems and at the back on either side of the chair a peacock. * * * We also saw the Square of the Pearl Cannon where there is a large tank serving as a public wash basin for man and beast and where people come and sit for days waiting for justice. The square is just in front of the palace and after they have waited a long time some one comes out and takes up the case. There is no law in the country except the Shah and apparently the only reason foreigners are not harmed is because they are afraid of the consequences for the Shah punishes severely.

The characteristic of Persia is its tiles—everywhere and on everything—they are in pretty designs in white, yellow, blue and black, and next to the tiles come the gardens behind the mud wall.

Good bye, yours,

F. K.

Has Shakespere a Favorite Character?

THERE is a bond of kinship in human nature which binds the highest and the lowest, the wisest and the simplest, into one great family, and it is the thinking and the loving who are the quickest to discover this mysterious tie. When the Universal Father breathed into the first man the breath of life he gave then to mankind an heritage which must show itself sooner or later in some degree or other in every son of Adam. This one touch of nature, which makes the whole world akin, is one of the attributes of the man of genius.

That soul which is in accord with the greatest number and variety of other souls is the greatest of human souls, and in proportion as our domain of sympathy and appreciation is great, just in such proportion are we lords of the great inheritance which was given us at the creation of the first man Adam.

Taking this standpoint of consideration we must read Shakespere with a quicker heartbeat and a mental enthusiasm which grows with one's familiarity with the products of his mind.

Shakespere, like the Bible, does not need the Higher Criticism to be appreciated. Like that Book of books the Higher Criticism may help us to comprehend the vastness of the intellect which compiled it, but we do not love and take to our hearts a piece of literature merely because it is the product of a great intellect. We hold it dear and precious because it applies to our needs and requirements, and helps to make us happy and more in sympathy with God and man.

Just so with the great Englishman! When we read his matchless delineations of character we do not care who he was, we only know that here is a human soul who knew other human souls and understood them.

Just as the Holy Book is read and re-read by the average man and gives a response to his own innermost feelings, so the average, loving, hating, sinning, forgiving, sorrowing and pity-human soul finds a response in the big soul of Shakespere.

This human unison with the world is what holds for Shakespere his place in Letters. He was a *Man* with all his genius, and this combination makes the *Writer* for all time.

As a man he had his personal preferences, and I believe that one can find them in his works.

Think over the array of characters which come before us as typical Shakesperean characters and note that there is never a wholly vile one. The Master Workman has framed some on so noble, tragic, unique and majestic a mould that we are apt to think that one or two of these were nearer to the Master's heart than the rest, and "Falstaff," "Henry V," "Hamlet" and "Prospero" have been singled out as the favorite children of Shakespere's brain. Some of the reasons which may be given for this selection may seem inadequate and unconvincing to you all, but remember that that is one of the mysteries of Shakespere's power. He was all things to all men, and this endless variety of appeals to our intellects and our fancies is but one of the many claims he has to universal genius.

There is more truth than one dreams of at the first glance in the theory upon which is based the story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." By some strange psychological connection, every man has in him two natures which are continually presenting their claims to recognition and expression.

This was so with Shakespere, he was the typical Englishman of the 16th Century, and he thought and felt as the *men* of his times did, only in his case it was given him to think and feel with the highest and the lowest, for he was the Philosopher of his day, and "Falstaff" and "Hamlet" are the Philosophers of the plays.

"Falstaff," that wonderful character, so strong in influence and bodily force in "Henry IV," so amusing and philosophical in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and so faint a whisper in "Henry V."

He is not conspicuous so much for what he does as for what is practiced on him, and in the "Merry Wives" we are tempted to believe that tradition which claims that "Falstaff"

the Lover was created at the command of Elizabeth after she had seen "Falstaff" the companion and soldier as portrayed in "Henry IV," for Shakespere true to his sense of the harmonious evidently believes that wits and philosophers seldom shine as lovers, and so we see "Falstaff the Lover" a victim of his own stratagems, for "Falstaff the Man" had not the faintest conception of love in the true meaning.

However, this old mountain of flesh is kept the hero and favorite of the play throughout by his own sense of humor. He is never conquered except by himself, and it has been said by a great Shakesperean critic (Hazlett) that Shakespere was the only writer who was as great in displaying weakness as strength.

As the King of Roysters "Falstaff" rules his sphere, and his keen, good sense never tires his audience. He was the amusing friend of Harry of Monmouth, afterwards Henry V., and we catch here the connection between two of Shakespere's favorites. As the Prince's entertainer, he inspires his master to wit, because "Falstaff" is wit itself. He feels a proud consciousness of his own intellectual sufficiency, and the wonder of the play is that the Prince is the only one who understands "Falstaff," and yet "Falstaff" cannot understand the Prince. Again we are impressed with another connection between these favorites as I have named them; Falstaff and Hamlet. These two are the great soliloquizers of Shakespere's characters, and "Falstaff" is excelled in this characteristic only by that greater favorite, "Hamlet."

Thought is the ever springing impulse in both of them, though in different forms. "Falstaff" has in him all the intellectual qualities of genius without the moral ones, and as one critic has said: "If to his power of understanding his sterling, inexhaustible good sense were joined on equal imagination, it is hardly too much to say he would be as great a poet as Shakespere himself."

In this group of favorites each seems to intertwine himself with the other, and you will note that they are all men.

"Falstaff" fits into the dark side of the life of Harry Monmouth, and while he amuses, attracts and instructs him in some ways of living, his vices keep him from securing too strong a hold on the Prince, who is to be afterwards developed into Shakespere's ideal of Kingly strength and dignity.

"Falstaff" too, is not a coward, his wits are never paralyzed by fear, and his escapades are thought out even in the height of action. The secret of his success as a favorite character is that he is a non-moral being; he never appeals to our moral side, he is always the player seeking for a mental impression like Shakespere himself. The animal susceptibilities of our nature are carried in him to their highest pitch, and he stands as the public brain of his time, the prospective of old English life and manners; in fact, an ancient John Bull.

Now, while you may doubt my wisdom in choosing old "Falstaff" as one of Shakespere's favorites, please suspend your judgment until I have given *all* my reasons for including him in so august a company.

"Henry V" was to have two sides of his nature too, and "Falstaff" did his share in moulding a part of Shakespere's Ideal King.

As a frolicking prince he must move about his country and learn its average common man, and this "Falstaff" was instrumental in effecting in the Prince's day. When he became a King, "Falstaff" was out of his plans, and so we have no future use for him. If he should have been reformed, he would not amuse us any longer, he would only excite our disgust or our pity, and Shakespere in his all embracing sympathy kills him off, and with kindly words he disappears from our mental vision in the early stages of "Henry V's" life. Turning to "Henry V," we find that he, like "Falstaff" and "Hamlet," is never out of one's mind, when the play is before us for consideration; and as the great writer reviewed his country's history for his favorite historical character, "Henry V," and his glorious victories most appealed to him, he makes him the central figure of the greatest Epic of English History, the expression of Shakespere's loyalty as an Englishman.

The animal man and the loyal subject have found their places in Shakespeare's inner circle, and this circle now needs to be completed by the cap-stone of the arch; the head-piece of the column, the Philosopher.

No thinking student of literature would deny that Shakespeare, the man, was not a philosopher. How he attained this philosophical turn of mind we do not know, but this we do know, that in the delineation of the character of "Hamlet" he sounded the heights and depths of philosophy, and in every sense of the word "Hamlet" is *alone* as a tragedy of thought. All interest in the play revolves around the hero alone, not because he overrides their individuality, but because *his* life is all centered in the mind.

He is not a man of action, but of thought. All the characters are used only as they effect his mind. He is never out of our minds, and while he attracts, he perplexes us. He interests all, and yet no one can explain him. One man say he is great and wicked; another good and weak; a third that he lacks courage and dare not act; a fourth that he had too much intellect; some say he was mad; others that it was a pretense. No theory fits the entire character, for "Hamlet" was all varieties of character in one. He was a many sided fact.

Shakespeare's usual mode of creating a character was to take a special attribute and make it morbidly developed, but it is not so in "Hamlet." Where there is life there is continual change, and so "Hamlet" is incomprehensible. Shakespeare made him equally great mentally, morally and practically, and then placed him in such circumstances, brought such motives to bear upon him, and opened to him such sources of influence, that all his greatness would be forced to show itself in the form of thought. Even his will was to have no outlet except through thought. His imagination was stronger than the realities around him, and with one erroneous intellectual activity, his practical activity would necessarily be somewhat indefinite. Who among mortals does not recognize this condition as the supreme tragedy of any human life, and when it comes to us no man can lead us safely out to its conclusion.

Conscience becomes divided between itself and its inclination, and it has been said that "Hamlet" is the triumph of a pure moral nature over great temptation.

The strife of incompatible duties is the Tragedy of the World.

Do not say "Hamlet" lacked will, for often we should measure a man's strength of will by what he *does not* do rather than by what he does do.

"Hamlet" calls himself undecided, but what man can judge his own actions aright, and who of us knows where sanity ends and insanity begins. As one critic says: "If sanity is harmony between a man's actions and his situation, it would be hard to say what was insanity in "Hamlet's" position.

Only once in the entire play does "Hamlet" lose his self possession, and that is at "Ophelia's" grave. To quote another critic:

"In him, (Hamlet) his character and situation, there are concentrated all the interests that belong to humanity. There is scarcely a trait of frailty or of grandeur which may have endeared us to our own most beloved friends in real life that is not found in "Hamlet." Undoubtedly Shakespeare loved him beyond all his other creations. Soon as he appears on the stage we are satisfied; when absent we long for his return. This is the only play which exists almost altogether in the character of one single person. Who ever knew a "Hamlet" in real life? This is the wonder, we love him not; we think of him not because he was witty; because he was melancholy; because he was filial; but we love him because he existed and was himself. I believe that of every other character either in tragic or epic poetry the story makes a part of the conception, but of "Hamlet" the deep and permanent interest is the conception of himself. This seems to belong not to the character being more perfectly drawn, but to there being a more intense conception of individual human life than perhaps in any other human composition; that is a being with springs of thought, feeling and action deeper than we can search. Ah! there is the secret of "Hamlet" and Shakespeare's love for him. He is *the* man through whom the Poet reveals himself to the world.

The *mental* Shakespeare in the prime of his intellectual vigor and moral doubtings. "Hamlet's" unconscious cry is the cry of all humanity for the absent father. His duty is the duty of all Humanity—bearing the commands of the Spirit Father and yet hindered by environment. We meet our "Hamlet" in the beginning thus: "Tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart." All is darkness and uncertainty. The philosopher Shakespeare is himself groping about in the mental world of twilight. His intellect says die, his moral nature says live and endure, and he finds that life must be lived to be explained.

In other plays given character, career and circumstances he develops a man. Jealousy controls "Othello;" ambition, "Macbeth;" love, "Romeo;" and their wills are all overpowered by the passion. In "Hamlet" every passion opposes the will and his will is strengthened alone by the will of the supernatural Father.

Love and divine relations are antagonistic and must be reconciled, and "Hamlet" is Shakespeare's plea for the *necessity* of a *Revealed Religion*! Life without Christianity is "Hamlet." Shakespeare in none of his plays expresses a confidence in revealed religion. In "Hamlet" his own soul cries out at the failure of philosophy to deal with the mystery of life.

Here we find Shakespeare's deepest view of life and destiny, and "Hamlet" the best beloved of his brain is "The great mind brooding over the mystery of life; reason standing at the limits of knowledge; genius touching with trembling hand the thin veil which separates it from insanity. A mind that moves along the wrong way and at last standing at the door of the spirit world unlawful to open and there soliloquizes." But Shakespeare the man did not soliloquize in vain.

"Prospero" the last creation of his poetic mind is the calm breathing forth of the genius of the old man. Life's race has been run, the goal past; and as if conscious that this was to be the last product of his fancy, he typifies himself as a natural, dignified and benevolent magician who could conjure up strange spirits, and whose time of usefulness on earth is drawing to a close. The wand is to be broken, and the old man is to return to the haven where he would be.

The idea that the *Tempest* is the *Elysian Fields* of the storm-tossed characters in "Hamlet" appeals very strongly to me and so links these two dramas together as to verify to my mind the claims that are made for "Hamlet" as the "Darling child of Shakespeare's brain." "Henry V" is Shakespeare's ideal *National Englishman*; "Falstaff" is his man of the people. "Hamlet" is Shakespeare the student and philosopher, and "Prospero" is Shakespeare himself, made wise, calm and good by life's vicissitudes and experiences through the wizard wand of Revealed Religion.

M. B. P.

Florida Items.

THE Florida Federation of Womens' Clubs was organized in 1895 with four Clubs; it now numbers fourteen. This Federation has recently established a reciprocity bureau which they are finding most helpful. While the Florida Club women do not have Travelling Libraries among their departments, nearly every Club supports a free reading room and library in its respective town.

Village Improvement Societies organized for local improvement form an important part of this Federation's membership. Kindergarten work is also one of the strong departments in Florida. The Palmetto Club of Daytona are successfully carrying on two kindergartens for colored children, whose mothers are employed during the day, and the Village Improvement Association of Green Cove Springs, through intercession with the State Superintendents, has established free kindergarten for white children in connection with the public schools.

This Federation also succeeded in getting an amendment through the Legislature thereby raising the age of protection for girls in Florida from ten to eighteen years.

The Eighth Convention of the Federation met in Ormond, Fla., January 28th. to 29th. at which time Mrs. Lawrence Haynes, of Jacksonville, was elected President for 1903.

These notes were kindly sent "The Keystone" by Miss Kathryn E. Thorp, of Daytona, Fla., General Federation Secretary for the State of Florida.

With What Body Do They Come?

THE dear dead ones, whom worlds of light
Hide from our short and mortal sight,
Whose smile, whose voice, whose welcome feet,
Our inmost soul once leaped to greet,
And now as memory fain would trace
Each lineament of form and face,
We hush the cry of loss and pain
With thought that they shall come again.
Yet love will ask, though grief be dumb,
Ah, with what body do they come?

That hand whose grasp, whose fond caress,
Sweetened our cup of bitterness;
The tenderness of love-lit eyes
That made our home a paradise;
The tone that all our being stirred
In laughter, song, and spoken word;
The charm of the familiar face;
The gesture's subtle, winning grace—
Shall we miss aught of that dear sum
In their new body when they come?

Nay, Doubt, be still; though faith is dim,
Who love the Lord shall trust in Him.
He who for human woe did weep
Shall grant to Love its own to keep,
Nor shall He lessen its rich store
Who came to give us more and more.
Can larger vision, wider scope,
Diminish aught of joy or hope?
Or life abundant prove less full,
In bodies incorruptible.

Nay, Nay, the miracles of spring
Are wrought despite our questioning;
The rose and lily still come back,
And nothing of their sweetness lack.
Not in a strange, unwelcome guise
Rose Lazarus to Mary's eyes;
"Rabboni!" cried the Magdalen,
Who saw and knew her Lord again;
And when from that unknown sojourn
Our dear and blessed dead return,
Naught shall we lose of all the sum
We love and long for, when they come.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD, Boston, Mass.

Requiescat in Pace.

[Some Old Grave Yards I Have Seen.]

AUGUSTA EVANS has said in St. Elmo, that idolized book of sentimental girlhood, "Desolation thy name is country grave yard." The truth of that sentiment has come to me many times in lonely country places, and even in the village cemeteries, where one may find a few mounds freshened with flowers on Saturday afternoons, but all the other graves in this crowded God's acre overgrown with grass and weeds in summer, and damp and mouldy with decaying vegetation in winter.

When a child I often walked from our home on the farm to the Post Office, two miles away, my little brother with me for company. The most vivid recollection of those long walks on summer afternoons, was one lonely grave in the corner of a cotton field. There was a rough fence of split rails around it, and near by was a pile of rocks and rotting timbers, where a cabin had fallen to decay. We would hold our breath as we tipped by, and wonder where his wife and children went when he died. Neither the glory of sumach, golden rod, and morning glories, nor the ever enticing "poke berry" that peeped over and through the cracks of the fence could reconcile us to the desolate spot, or teach us that kind nature had clothed the poor forsaken grave with beauty.

Years ago, when this country was thinly settled, and churches few and long distances apart, people were obliged to have family grave yards. In many cases after the older members of the family had died, the younger ones would move away; the land would pass into the hands of strangers, who refrained from cultivating the sacred spot, and that was all they could do. The little cemetery grew up in trees and grass and wild flowers, a grazing place for stray cattle, a paradise

for birds, a home for the timid rabbit. Recently visiting just such a dreary and forsaken spot, the closing words of Pope's "Solitude" came to my mind—

"Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world and not a stone
Tell where I lie."

Not long ago I went to an old family grave yard, where the first grave was dug in 1780. Many of the descendants of the brave old pioneers still bring their loved ones who pass away to this quiet resting place. It is in a grove of old field pines, where the wind sighing ever through the branches, mourns a perpetual dirge. The mounds are covered with a thick carpet of brown pine needles, which, with the dense shade, prevent the growth of grass or weeds. Some modest monuments are there, but mostly rough hewn stone at head and feet. The founder of the family lies there. He came to this country about 1750, and was a Prussian by the name of Blucher, afterwards corrupted to Blocker. He settled in the neighborhood of this spot, and some of his descendants still live on the land that was cleared by their sturdy German ancestor, Michael Blucher, near kinsman of Gen. Blucher, one of the heroes of Waterloo. There is no church near this grave yard, nor has it any enclosure whatever.

There is a much smaller cemetery I once visited which is picturesque and lovely in a rude way. It is in the midst of a large grove of oak, pine-walnut and cedar. Around the graves is a square enclosure some three feet high, made of gray stone. It has fallen apart in places, and from every chink and cranny delicate ferns and moss in every shade of green are growing. Ivy creeps over the ground, covering the sunken graves and climbing up the blackened and broken monuments. Three heroes of three wars, the Revolution, Mexican and Civil, here rest from their weary march and daily struggle. The wife and only sons of one of South Carolina's Governors sleep here. Just outside the rock wall are the humble and unmarked mounds where the slaves were buried for generations. The land surrounding this spot is not owned by the descendants of any buried there.

In our little village, in sight of the Court House, stands an old house, the first built in this community. On its south side is a consecrated spot dear to the heart of those who love the memory of honorable ancestors. There are twelve graves enclosed by an iron railing. The first one buried there was Col. Richard Tutt, in 1807. He and his wife, Bettie Perrin, came to this county from Virginia in the latter part of the 18th Century. He was a gallant soldier of the Revolution. One of his bravest deeds was capturing the notorious Tory "Bloody Bill Cunningham," whose lair was near this district, and whose deeds of cruelty will long be remembered. A descendant of Col. Tutt living here now owns the sword which was presented by Congress to his illustrious ancestor for this daring and difficult deed. One other grave of the twelve I will mention, is that of Mary Perrin Tutt, one of the charter members of the Baptist Church. She gave hundreds of dollars to build a parsonage, outside of all she did for the Church, and a tablet is on the wall of the Church to the memory of this saintly woman. The land belonging to Col. Tutt long ago passed out of the hands of the family, and this little grave yard shows the fate of many others. A house stands between the street and the graves; around them is the back yard and out houses. Within a few feet of the kitchen window lie the bones of a brave and patriotic soldier who fought for our independence, and an earnest worker in the cause of Christ.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

MRS. J. B. HALTIWANGER.

FLORIDA has an active Audubon Society. L. F. Dommerick, of Maitland, Florida, is the president, and Mrs. I. Vanderpool, of Maitland, is the secretary. Bishop Whipple was its first president, and Joseph Jefferson is one of its vice-presidents. Its principle efforts are in behalf of the introduction of bird study into the public schools.

Martha Young.

[A Southerner's Estimate of a Southern Woman.]

DEAR "KEYSTONE."

Those verses from Timrod made a beautiful frontispiece for your March issue and proved the index to a number of delights embodied in the magazine.

I was singing yesterday morning to a tune of my own,

"Who built de Ark? Norah! Norah!
Who built de Ark? Norah, oh,
Norah built de Ark on de highest hill
O Sinnerman! Whar you gwine buil?"

I stopped to ask Mary, my housemaid, "You ever heard that song, Mary?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am," she said; and laughed heartily.

I was then and there convinced that Martha Young's "Plantation Songs" were the genuine expressions of our colored people; no invention.

Miss Martha Young, of Greensboro, Alabama, is a charming and interesting personality, from the best stock of the old plantation regime in that portion of the Alabama black belt, where the system was most fully illustrated. She has herself heard, from their original sources, the negro legends and lore about the birds, which are so delightfully told in her second book.

Martha Young's father was a leading physician of Alabama. He lives to-day in his gifted daughter, according to that law of nature by which if great men transmit their great qualities it is the daughter who inherits them.

On her mother's side Miss Young is a descendant of Governor Ashe, one of the first Governors of North Carolina. Henry Tutwiler, her maternal grandfather, was the first A. M. graduate of the University of Virginia.

She does not belong to any club, as her work is such as to leave her little time for club work, though she is an advocate of Women's Clubs and has helped to organize several.

The daily routine of Miss Young's life is devoted chiefly to literary work. She seldom visits or accepts invitations, and those friends who drop in on her are glad to see her on any terms.

Except for a trip to New York to see her publishers, or a trip to Europe, Miss Young has been a keeper at home in the little town of Greensboro, Alabama.

Another field of work upon which Miss Young has entered with splendid effect is that of giving public readings from her own works.

Those who have heard her, say "her dialect reading is as near perfect as anything can be." "Her imitation of bird notes in legends is something entirely new in recitation."

It is to be hoped that Miss Young may come to South Carolina during the next lecture session.

VIRGINIA D. YOUNG, Fairfax, S. C.

The Charleston Young Women's Christian Association.

It may be interesting to readers of "The Keystone" living in other parts of the State to know the history of the Young Women's Christian Association of Charleston. It is only in its earliest infancy but the attention it has excited has far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine which makes us feel that God's direct leading put it into the heart of her to whom the idea of establishing a Charleston branch first occurred.

Some months ago correspondence was opened with the American Committee of Young Women's Christian Association's headquarters in Chicago. This developed the fact that several States have their own organizations affiliated with it. That of North and South Carolina has its officers in Asheville, N. C., where an annual conference is held at which meeting a special training is given to young women who wish to become Secretaries of the Association. These secretaries fulfil duties similar to those in the Y. M. C. A. They organize classes, give religious teaching, keep a record of the members, visit the factories, have

a general oversight of the work and are in attendance at the Association rooms the greater part of day.

About twenty ladies and one man, the Rev. Alexander Sprunt, met at No. 11 Lamboll street, on Monday, February 23d, for the purpose of discussing the desirability of forming an organization here.

Miss Helen F. Barnes, National City Secretary and Miss Mabel K. Stafford, Travelling Secretary for the Gulf States and the Carolinas, were present and gave great help by their advice and experience.

A similar meeting was held on Wednesday, 25th. February, at No. 2 Ashmead Place and at both meetings a number of ladies promised to become members.

Arrangements were made for a Mass Meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Thursday evening, February 26th. at 8 o'clock. There was a large audience, many of the city clergy were on the platform and all manifested great interest throughout the proceedings.

The Rev. John Kershaw presided. Miss Barnes told of the great good which such associations did in other cities, bringing light and sunshine to many who have little in their hearts or lives. She mentioned the benefits which accrued therefrom—spiritually, physically, mentally and morally and stated that it was not for rescue or charity, but a work done for women by women. She also referred to the extension of work to factories and stated that those here had been visited and that Mr. Carrington, the manager of the new cigar factory, had expressed himself favorably in regard to it.

Miss Stafford gave an account of the work in colleges showing how much it had increased in the last few years.

The rules of membership were also stated. Any white woman of good moral character may become a member by the payment of one dollar annually, but only those belonging to Protestant Evangelical Churches are entitled to vote or hold office.

Addresses were then made by Dr. J. S. Buist and Rev. E. O. Watson, both of whom urged the audience to organize in the city.

A motion was then made and carried unanimously that "A Young Women's Christian Association affiliated with the American Committee should be formed in the City of Charleston, S. C."

And thus the Association was born. A committee for nominating members of the Board of Directors was then appointed also a committee on the Constitution.

Another meeting was held on March 2nd, at the Y. M. C. A. at which Miss Barnes and Miss Stafford again spoke. The Board of Directors, which consists of twenty-four ladies, was elected, and the Constitution arranged to meet the needs of the Association in Charleston was adopted.

Since then several Board Meetings have been held and much business has been transacted. The officers have been elected, these consist of a president, four vice-presidents who control respectively, the religious, business, financial and social departments, also the secretary and treasurer. Many committees have been appointed and their members are hard at work; several meetings have been held and about 125 members have been enrolled.

The General Secretary who is to take charge has been called, negotiations are pending for rooms and it is hoped and expected that at least temporary premises will be opened by 1st. April, containing rest, reading and lunch rooms. The gymnasium and other classes will be started later.

MRS. W. HAMPTON PERRY,

President Charleston Young Women's Christian Association.

Ye Olde Colonial Antiques.

A CHOICE COLLECTION of very Rare, Quaint and Odd Old Pieces of English and French Furniture, Brass Andirons, Fenders, Ye Olde Delft, Bric-a-Brac etc., formerly brought to this country by Ye Olde Colonial Settlers.

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N. B.—Lovers of the Antique should embrace this Opportunity and Secure these Rare Old Bits, as Colonial Antiques are almost extinct.

MISSISSIPPI FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Conducted by Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, President of the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs.

List of Officers.

President—Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, Okolona.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Julia Blair, Tupelo; Mrs. N. D. Dupree, Oxford;
Mrs. D. N. Hebron, Vicksburg; Mrs. Hattie Sallis Clark, Durant; Mrs. Edwin McMorries, Meridian; Mrs. Rosa Q. Duncan, Natchez; Mrs. R. G. Harding, Jackson.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. D. I. Sulton, Oxford.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Henry Broach, Meridian.
Treasurer—Mrs. Mignonne Russell Howell, Crystal Springs.
Auditor—Mrs. W. C. White, West Point.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs will be held at Crystal Springs Wednesday and Thursday, the 29th and 30th of April.

Owing to the recent death of a sister, the president will not attend, but the Convention will be presided over by one of the vice-presidents.

Delegates will please send their names at once to Mrs. J. M. Dampeer, chairman of committee of arrangements.

Dues should be sent to treasurer, Mrs. M. R. Howell, Crystal Springs, to facilitate the business of committee on credentials and prevent confusion at the Convention.

MRS. M. R. HOWELL,

President Crystal Springs Floral Club and Treasurer M. T. W. C.

Kosciusko 20th Century Club.

IT has been said that "The fruit of a liberal education is not learning, but a capacity to learn." We hope that our Twentieth Century Club is possessed of this capacity, to a limited extent, at least: we know that its desire for knowledge and information of various kinds exists, and to an unusual degree. We "want to know, you know." Will those Clubs that have been successful in the work of Civic Improvement give us the benefit of their experience? Our Travelling Library Committee would like advice by which they may be enabled to render more efficient service in that line of work. Quite recently they have collected another case of books to be sent to the cotton mills.

The Floral Committee has had the prize list, with premiums, printed, that all may have ample time to order the plants they wish to exhibit at the November Flower Show. Seeds from the Agricultural Department have been distributed among the school children for their flower beds.

Our Delegates to the Federation that meets at Crystal Spring in April are Mrs. Crane and Miss Minnie Boyd.

In connection with Italian history, we are now engaged in the study of "Renaissance and Modern Art," by W. H. Good year. A few more lessons will complete this very interesting work, but we hope it will be only a beginning for our Art studies in the future. We have not yet adopted an outline for our future work, and any suggestions on Art study will be greatly appreciated; that "looking where others look," we may, perchance, "catch the charm that lured them."

MRS. LOTTIE H. SMITH,

Twentieth Century Club.

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THE KEYSTONE; regular price, 50 cts. per year.

HINTS, a monthly magazine devoted to entertainment for School, Church, Club, and Home; regular price, \$1.00 per year.

THE KEYSTONE offers both magazines for 75 cts. per year.

Address, THE KEYSTONE,

31 Meeting St., Charleston, S. C.

In the Shadow of the Pines.

[By A. L. S., Charleston, S. C.]

CHAPTER I.

BROKEN LILLIES.

THROUGH the straight, solemn ranks of the tall pines that stood like sentinel soldiers about the bivouac of the dead, a man and a woman walked side by side. In silence they passed through the silent wood. Behind them the low sun of a sultry May evening was sliding in a slumberous haze over the far brown edge of the earth, casting behind it long, slanting rays of dying light that lay across the dusky pine-needled ground in the golden silence of death. Out of the light, and a part of the charmed stillness of the warm, Southern evening, the two came slowly along the deserted way, their footsteps causing no echo on the springy turf. The man's face flushed and troubled, marked by some strong, sudden emotion, his shoulders squared as to meet some threatened blow, his eyes following with painful tension the cold, impassive face of the girl. She moves as one in a dream, with downcast eyes, her blonde head bared, her slim, white fingers clasped about the lush stems of a handful of snow lillies trailing in careless beauty over the white folds of her soft flowing gown.

Suddenly with no word, no glance even at her companion, she slips down upon a fallen tree; mechanically he sits down beside her. Wearily she leans her head, (that soft, blonde head full of a thousand tricks of curl and sunshine) against the rough, insensate side of a grim old pine. With a sigh of relief, as though even their frail beauty was burdensome, she drops into her lap the wealth of golden-hearted blossoms that they have gathered from the sluggish river's brim, and the breath in the pines which was wholesome and fragrant with the bloom of the scrambling grape-vines overhead grows heavy and sensual with the passionate breath of the lillies.

With slow, indifferent fingers she slips from her hand a glittering ring that catches the gleaming brightness of the parting sun and flings a mocking memory into her face—, she hands it to him silently, not one fugitive gleam of emotion in the deep, mysterious, violet eyes.

"Is this the end of it all then?" he asks hoarsely, but with movement to take the proffered ring.

"Absolutely the end."

"You will not marry me?"

"No."

"You promised once?"

"I am sorry; it was a mistake," slowly and indifferently she answers.

"Thrace, Thrace, tell me what has come between us?" His voice falls passionately, pleadingly upon the quiet air. "Have I done something to displease you, only tell me what is wrong? Anything is better than this terrible silence. I swear to you I am guiltless of all offence towards you."

"Will you not tell me?" he adds after a pause, in which she has not moved or spoken, so still and indifferent she sits, her eyes fixed on the motionless lillies that one might believe her as lifeless and voiceless at they. "Great God!" Chestnut groans inwardly. "Could a creature with a human heart in her breast be so absolutely cold and heartless? That slim, fair woman whose soft, warm head has rested here for a moment on my breast, just as it rests on that old pine—with just as much feeling perhaps! And yet I cannot, will not believe her heartless! There is some strange mystery here that I must try to discover. Some new capriciousness, some wild vagary." With a sudden accession of anger he springs forward; with resolute will he lifts the heavy blossoms from her unresisting hands and flings them far away.

She lifts her eyes with a dreamy, curious smile. "Isn't it a pity that you cannot cast me away from you as you do my flowers?"

"I do not understand you, Thrace. It is you who cast me aside. I only want to keep you forever." Seating himself again beside her, he takes her hands, cold perhaps with the clasp of the dank lilly stems, moist with their dewy drops, tenderly he

dries the nerveless fingers that once thrilled at his touch, he thinks sadly enough, then holding them lightly but firmly so that she cannot turn from him he speaks, as a man strong, passionate, impatient, loving, speaks by the help of gods when the powers of darkness close about him. "Thrace, is it true then that you can love me no longer?"

A sudden gleam passes over her passionless face, a slight shiver through her slender frame.

"It is growing cold," she whispers in a troubled voice.

"No, Thrace, it is not growing cold," he answers with a sudden bound of hope. "There is not a breath of air stirring. Will you answer my question?"

"Why do you wish me to say that—you would not like to hear it?" she pleads brokenly—all of a sudden a human heart seems to throb in her breast.

"You have said harder things than that to me this evening, Thrace. You have not seemed to mind the pain you gave. You have changed with a word the whole tenor of my future life—Thrace, Thrace, what can have changed you so? Is it something wherein I have failed?"

"No, you were always good and true," softly, with a warm blush.

"Then you have changed, you do not love me? Will you not answer me?"

She shakes her head sadly. Her eyes are almost black with suppressed emotion, and the pale, delicate face gleams ghastly white in the fast growing dusk. "I—I cannot tell you—you would not understand—indeed I do not understand myself."

"Thrace," he says sternly after a pause. "You have done my manhood a great wrong. You have played with my heart while it pleased your shifting fancy and now cast it carelessly aside, as a child throws aside its broken toy. Why you have treated me thus I cannot tell, and you will not. You say it is no fault of mine—God forgive you the pain which your fault gives me to-day. Only this I know, I love you as truly as woman was ever loved. There is nothing in my past of which you need be afraid, nothing from which I need shield you. My future, whatever it might have been was dedicated to your happiness—was full of plans for you—such happiness you have put away from me forever. I cannot question your right to do as you will with your future. Only one thing I do ask and require of you. Right here under God's stars, where we stand soul to soul, for the last time, perhaps, I require that you pronounce my sentence; say to me, Frank Chestnut I loved you once, but I love you no longer."

"I will not say them" she cries quickly.

"Will not, Thrace?"

"I cannot," she pleads in a changed voice. "O Frank, if you love me, if you ever loved me do not torture me thus—I—I cannot marry you, and that is the end of it all."

Puzzled and perplexed, sore and sorrowful, Frank Chestnut casts about in his dazed brain to find some solution for her strange conduct, but no thought or ray of light comes to him. She points to the ring lying unheeded at his feet. He picks it up, gazes sadly upon it for a moment, then slips it into his pocket and rises. "Come, Thrace," he speaks indifferently. For a moment she seems farther away from him than the farthest star. "The dew is beginning to fall; it is not prudent for you to stay here."

She does not answer; she does not move; her face is cold and passionless once more; her unsmiling eyes are fixed on a hazy cloud of fire-flies winding in and out like a gauzy ribbon among the shadowy pines.

"Thrace, it is very wrong for you to stay," his voice is gentle once more; once more she seems a woman for him to protect and love.

"I do not care—what does it matter?" hopelessly.

Frank Chestnut looks down on the head-strong, strange, incomprehensible girl. Yesterday he would have sworn that there was not one thought, one motive, one hope of hers that were not known to him. With the egotism and ignorance of a man who loves he had considered the title-deeds to a woman's love the open-sesame to every mystery of her heart and soul; a blind superstition that time disproves, often more fatally.

A man asks for a woman's love, not because he deserves it perhaps, but because he loves her—reason most potent in his passionate eyes. Her love she gives him freely, with all the fulness of her woman's tenderness, with all the self-immolation of a devoted creature. He understands her love, he thinks, because he understands his own. A woman and her love are one, he reasons—her life, her thought, her spirit are mine—in her love as in a mirror she offers up to me her whole life; no secrets are hid; no mysteries withheld. All are mine. In the foolishness of egotism, the intoxication of "the sweet new wine of love" he forgets that every human creature bears the divine impress of a separate individuality. He can turn and rule the currents of her being, perhaps, but destroy and change their separate origin, never! They twain shall be one flesh, God has said, but he has ordained no unity of spirit. One day he wakes to find that behind the bourne of those loved eyes lies a world so vague, so mysterious, so intricate, so essentially feminine as to defy all man's subtlest reason. The knowledge, like all sudden knowledge, dazes and overwhelms everything, seems to him unreal and unstable; he loses all familiar landmarks and drifts hopelessly upon the misty sea of doubt until love strengthens again the moorings, or the power of new scenes or new interests come between him and the blurred horizon.

Thrace continued loth to move. Frank Chestnut, with a chaotic mind and a heavy heart, sat and watched her. There was a painful satisfaction for him even to gaze on that pale, lovely face and feel her presence so close and so absorbing. He would gladly have sat there for hours; every moment was precious to him as to one who keeps the last vigil beside that form so soon to be closed away forever from all loving care. But true love is unselfish even in the first, great selfishness of grief, this woman had been to him for so long his first and greatest thought, that involuntarily he noted how the thin muslin gown, damp with the heavy falling dew, falls away from her slender throat and clings to her white shoulders. The little hands were folded so hopelessly in her lap, their very helplessness appealed to him. "Poor child, it is a bad business for us both, I am afraid," he murmured compassionately to himself. She is not happy, whatever the trouble is; at first she was so indifferent, so cold, I thought her heartless; I wonder what has poisoned her mind, what has changed her thus? It is all strange, very strange; I ought to be angry with her, but she has undermined my manhood; I only suffer." Stooping, he lifted her hat and placed it on her head. "Thrace, you must come," firmly.

"Yes," she answered in a startled voice, "I am coming. I do not know what is keeping me here. I think I must be tired."

"Will you take my arm; the path grows rough."

"No, it does not matter," a little wearily.

Without one word he draws the unresisting hand through his arm and carries her swiftly along the dim pathway under the black domed pines.

There is no new moon of hope in the sky; only the stars, the old, old stars that have looked down upon the old, old story of human joys and human woes since first they sang together upon creation's morn.

Deep in the solemn dusk, in the heart of the forest, the wind in the bending branches is chanting a dirge above the grave of the guiltless lillies, sinless blossoms blighted by the touch of other lives.

CHAPTER II.

ASHES OF ROSES.

Wearily, and as one in a dream, she climbed the broad, shallow steps of the piazza; through the great open door of the hall the soft lustre of many wax candles streamed out into the night; some one was standing there, looking out expectantly; it was a kind motherly woman, not Thrace's own mother, but no own mother could have loved her better.

"Ah, you have come at last, Thrace; how late you are and how fagged you look! Frank Chestnut ought to know better than to take you for such long walks this hot weather. I shall scold him roundly for it. Run up-stairs quickly now and dress,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

NORTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

This Department is Official, and will be continued monthly.
Official news and calls of Federation Committees printed here.

List of Officers.

President—Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, Winston-Salem.
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Second Vice-President, Mrs. T. M. Pittman, Henderson.
Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Petty, Greensboro.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Claytor Candler, Winston-Salem.
Treasurer, Mrs. H. R. Starbuck, Winston-Salem.

THE ROUND TABLE, of Greensboro; STUDENT'S CLUB, of Goldsboro;
THE WOMAN'S CLUB, of Charlotte, have recently joined the North Carolina
Federation of Women's Clubs.

MRS. J. W. PARKER, president of the Round Table, Greensboro, was appointed chairman of the General Federation Committee of North Carolina by the General Federation Board.

This is a high compliment to Mrs. Parker, though one she fully merits.

All the clubs in the State are doing splendid work and we feel proud that so much interest is being taken in the different departments and in general club work.

E. CLAYTOR CANDLER, Corresponding Secretary.

THE Round Dozen Club, of Winston, is having the most delightful year since its organization, four years ago.

This club has a very interesting history, having begun with four members and gradually increasing, as intellectual and congenial women were invited to become members.

The first winter was spent in reading aloud some new book in which all were interested, while others listened and plied their needles most deftly.

The second year was spent in a delightful European trip, studying beautiful cities, fine buildings, great men and women, and devoting much time to art galleries.

The third year a great deal of study was given to distinguished men and women in the various fields of literature. This year was a very beneficial one.

The fourth year, which is the present winter, the attention of the club has been given to "Noted Women." Each member selected a favorite character and gave her undivided attention. One paper and one appearance is all that is required.

This club has social as well as literary features, refreshments being served at each meeting.

E. CLAYTOR CANDLER.

THE Audubon Society of North Carolina has more than 100 sustaining members and about 600 contributing members. The sustaining members pay a fee of \$5.00.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

it is almost time for the people to come. I will send Liddy up with a cup of hot tea, that will rest you nicely."

"Thank you, I won't be long. Oh, yes, I remember," looking dreamily around the hall, "they are going to dance here this evening." Great blue bowls of roses were everywhere, and lillies, too. Their perfume made her shudder; they stifled her; she felt a strong impulse to gather them up, as Frank Chestnut had done in the evening, and throw them far out into the darkness.

Turning swiftly she crossed the long hallway, the branching antlers over the doorways were festooned with trailing branches of roses; the tall brass dogs in the ample fireplace bore faggots of burning scarlet pomegranates; everything so festive and lovely, only her heart turned to stone in her breast, that was all. Pausing for a moment in her own room she took down one of the quaint, silver candlesticks from the tall, narrow old mantel (she had to stand upon tiptoe to reach it,) then opened a door that groaned a ghastly protest on its hinges. She closed it softly behind her then began to climb, up and around she seemed to go, feeling her way with careful foot—that old stairway, how oft she had climbed it in the hot haste of childhood, but now the way seemed strange and long and gruesome. At last she reached the landing, how the shadows yawned dark and fearsome before her;

how the slim candle trembled in her hand making more grotesque shadows still. She had never been timid, as a child even; many a time she had mounted to this dark attic after some forgotten toy, some coveted treasure; but now her heart failed her and her limbs refused to move. She summoned up all her courage and started on; suddenly a rat started across her pathway; she could hear her heart thump noisily in her breast. "What a coward I am," she whispered; then started at the sound of her own voice. After a moment she moved on, holding the candle in one hand firmly before her, shading its flames with the other hand. Tall and ghost-like she looked, her white face, her white gown, the yellow light of the candle bringing out both in startling relief. With quick, noiseless footfall she moved through the motly array of dilapidated greatness, bottomless sofas, three-legged chairs, carved screens with their tapestried panels flapping and mouldy. All of a sudden something seized her foot, something falls with a horrible crash, something white and skull-like rolls to her feet, she stands terror-stricken. "What a coward I am," she cries scornfully. The something white and skull-like was only a plaster-cast of one of the dead Langdons; it rested on a tall, scarred, old armoire; from it hung a curtain; in this her foot had caught and she had brought her dead ancestor thus unceremoniously to her feet. His neck was severed from his head with a ghastly unmendable break; he would never more sit aloft and gaze with supercilious, unsympathetic eyes upon younger generations of Langdons.

In the farthest, dimmest, most cob-webby corner of the garret stands an old secretary; before this she kneels, takes from her belt a small rusty key and turns it creakingly in the lock of a narrow drawer. Unwillingly it gives up its secrets, with a moan and a little shiver it brings its contents to light. From it she takes a paper, old and yellow, discolored and worn at the folds, the writing faint and scarcely legible, exhaling that musty, secret aroma of papers long hidden from the sweet light of mortal days. Painfully she reads its vanishing characters, then it flutters from her trembling fingers and lies unheeded on the floor.

She bows her head on her hands and moans, "They might have told me; oh, they might have told me! It was cruel, wickedly cruel in them to keep it from me. He might have been spared the misery; the curse would have fallen upon me alone; that would have been easier to bear!" Her eyes travel slowly around over the old, familiar scene. How often she and the cousins had played here in the days gone by; there over a tall chair-back, just where she had thrown it years ago, hangs an old amber brocade; its satin sheen all dimmed with dust; she used to wear that in those good old times; how its silken glory tangled about her restless feet! Over yonder an old trunk, half closed only over a confused mass of velvet and satin and gauze. It seemed hard to realize that she had ever been a happy careless child. Would she ever forget the day she found that paper; was it yesterday; no, not yesterday; it seemed years ago! She had lived half a lifetime since then. When she should be closed away in her coffin from all of earthly sights, or human sounds, she thought she would still smell the faint breath of the dry herbs, rosemary and rue and life-everlasting swinging from the dusty rafters; would see the old stringless harp along whose tarnished gilded carving the dirt daubers had built their earthly homes.

Good people pray when they are in trouble, she thought. I am not good nor very bad, only very miserable. She contracted her white brows and tried to think; everything seemed so strange, so unreal; she was herself, yet not herself; some dread new presence had taken up its abode within her; was she responsible for what she said or thought or did? She thought not, in the light of that new revelation, that mysterious influence. And yet her own strong, living, individuality cried out in agonized protest against this cruel power in her blood, against which all earthly struggle were vain. A law as immutable as that which governed the majestic cycles of the starry worlds had laid its iron force upon her; against its fatal decree there was no repeal. In every drop of the bright, warm blood in her veins, in every quivering nerve, in every living tissue the decree of that law was written in characters that could not change nor fail.

"And I am still so young, only twenty-three, if I could only

die, but that is another terrible, unbreakable law. Oh, God, help me, help me to bear it. I am too weak to bear alone the curse that is laid upon me." She looked up, her eyes rested on an old portrait; through the eyes the wanton sword thrust of some Union soldier had made two ghastly gashes; the hollow eyes looked down upon her in gloomy mockery; to her overwrought mind it seemed a dismal omen. "No help, no comfort anywhere, only endurance," she murmured hopelessly. And I have ruined his not knowing. That is hardest of all! It is hard to fight against him, he is so strong in the strength of his love. Only by reading this over and over can I nerve myself for the struggle. In the chimney the swallows chirped sleepily; behind the walls the scurrying feet of mice; a gusty draught, born of the shadows it seemed, bringing the mould and dust of ages in its breath turned and rustled the paper at her feet. She stooped and gathered it suddenly, folded and replaced it in its narrow grave, closed the drawer and locked it carefully. Would that she could thus lock away its memory and influence from her life.

For a moment she paused and listened; holding the flaring candle above her head she stood like some wan figure of memory brooding over the ruins of the past—a sad, beautiful memory whose past closed over the present and shadowed the future. That one gleaming light streaming upon her soft, rippling hair, but the death-light of hope. Across the rafters lay a massive bed post; their shadows fell in front of her a broad black cross at her feet.

From the yard below the sounds of wheels and voices rises faint and eerie; one long slow drawn tone from a violin, a prelude in the tuner's hands. She starts, turns, lowers the candle, shading with her hand, and retraces swiftly the way of shadows so lately pressed by her faltering feet. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE of the most important positions in the Protestant Episcopal Church, that of the Dean of the General Theological Seminary, is vacant, and the one hundred trustees of the Seminary have not filled that position yet. The Dean, one of the richest clergymen in America, died last summer, and the election for this important office takes place after Easter.

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There are two candidates for this office—Dr. Hart, head of the Berkeley Divinity School in Middleton, Connecticut, and Dr. Robbins, Dean of All Saints Cathedral, Albany. It is a tradition in the Episcopal Church that a Bishop shall exercise only Episcopal functions, and for this reason the selection of candidates for the head of the official seminary of the Church is limited. The salary of the new Dean will be about \$8,000 a year, and it will be interesting to learn that the late Dean was so rich that he never drew a salary.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of Boston has been compiling some interesting religious statistics. It found that where both parents were Christians and members of the same denomination seventy-eight per cent of the young men were also church members. When both parents were Christians but members of different denominations fifty-five per cent of the boys were church members. When one parent was a church member and the other not, fifty per cent of their sons joined the church. In mixed marriages of Roman Catholics and Protestants thirty-five per cent of the sons joined any church. These facts would indicate that it is not always a wise practice for parents to gratify their special denominational tendencies.

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Book Reviews.

"A VIRGINIA GIRL IN THE CIVIL WAR," by Myrta Lockett Avary, claims to be a record of the actual experiences of the wife of a Confederate officer. Mrs. Avary was brought up on a big plantation in Virginia, and having several brothers in the Confederate army, as well as her brother-in-law, Gen. Clement A. Evans, she is justly a Southern woman. She has resided in New York for the last ten years, and cannot be called narrow or prejudiced. She does a great deal of sociologic work, and her pen has been of assistance to a number of charitable enterprises in the metropolis and elsewhere, notably in sustaining one of the most prominent fresh-air charities and a beautiful summer home for tenement children. Her sociologic and journalistic labors have not allowed much time for real literary work, but some of her poems have been very popular and have appeared in good collections. Her book is written in a very natural, simple way, and reads like a series of letters. Her experiences are much like those of many Daughters of the Confederacy during the days of '61-'65, and will prove exciting reading to all interested in that period. The only criticism that we would make against this volume is, that being a Southern woman, we wish that Mrs. Avary had made the historic point by using the term "WAR BETWEEN THE STATES," instead of the "CIVIL WAR." (Cloth, \$1.50.) D. Appleton & Company, New York City.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD QUARTER," by Dr. Wm. S. Gordon, a prominent physician of Richmond, Va., has just been published. Besides its interesting anecdotes of personal experiences, it contains a most valuable chapter on the phonetic study of the negro dialect. To those unfamiliar with negro dialect these pages will add materially to the comprehension of the negro's eccentricities in language and pronunciation. Dr. Gordon is a true Southerner and shows us most graphically conditions as they used to be. His descriptions of nature along the Mississippi are most appreciative and suggestive, while his short character sketches give an idea of the variety of types to be found on a plantation, and the whole collection shows a close intimacy with all phases of plantation life. This little volume reflects great credit on the literary talent of the author, and his experience in his profession gives him a deep sympathy and a broad appreciation. Would that more leisure hours of talented medical men could be given to similar efforts, for it is such books as this that help to preserve the traditions of the South. (Cloth, \$1.00 Baker & Taylor Co., New York City.)

HINTS PUBLISHING CO., Bible House, New York City, have just published a valuable little pamphlet entitled "MONEY MAKING SOCIALS," by Adelaide Westcott Hatch. Here we find many suggestions as to how to raise money for any charitable purpose. Full details of each entertainment are given, and by consulting this little booklet, many Club Treasuries may be benefitted.

"A TAR-HEEL BARON" by Mabel Shippie Clarke Pelton has just appeared and is being very favorably criticised. Mrs. Pelton although born in the North has spent many years around Tryon, North Carolina. The binding of this new book at once suggests North Carolina, and the title causes us to wonder what type of "TAR-HEEL" we are going to meet. In the "BARON'S" personality we find a really new character in fiction—perhaps a little overdrawn and somewhat unreal, but a new type. Around him are placed the natural North Carolina characters, customs and traditions. The "MOON-SHINERS" play a prominent part in the story and the whole plot turns on the observance of the State laws in regard to this particular industry. With the exception of the "BARON" the other characters are every day acquaintances in and around Asheville. The book really entertains, and is a clean, strong, dramatic novel, revealing touches of an unusually sweet and appreciative understanding of life. The illustrations by Edward Stratton Holloway are very attractive drawings of actual scenes from the BARON'S neighborhood. (Cloth, \$1.50, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London.)

"THE WOOING OF JUDITH," by Sara Beaumont Kennedy, promises to be one of the most successful books of the season. The many readers of Mrs. Kennedy's "JOSCELYN CHESHIRE" know her ability to tell a charming love story, as well as a vigorous and well-rounded tale, and in this book she has fairly surpassed her former success. Though the scene is laid in Colonial Virginia, "THE WOOING OF JUDITH" is not at all an historical novel, but depends for its interest entirely upon the romance and the dash of the story. It is a really delightful love story. As the author says in the preface, there are "no daring adventures, no feats of arms, nor impossible dangers, nor startling mysteries, but only a forgotten love story of the long ago." The plot is very interesting, for just when "Laurence" really wins "Judith," complications arise which cause him to start the whole struggle over again. (Cloth, \$1.50.) Doubleday, Page & Company, New York City.

"AFRO-AMERICAN FOLK LORE TALES" is the title of a very attractive little volume by Mrs. A. M. H. Christensen, of Beaufort, S. C. Although born in New England the author has spent thirty years in Beaufort and has allied herself with the interests of the people of her adopted community. These tales are supposed to be genuine reproductions of conversations around the cabin fires of the Sea Islands of South Carolina. Many of these superstitions have been told to us in our early childhood but in this little collection we find some very peculiar language, real African and almost unintelligible even to the author. Mrs. Christensen has grasped the negro character and gives him his true personality. It is interesting to know that she has been instrumental in establishing an industrial school for negroes in Beaufort and that the proceeds from the sale of this book will go towards this fund. (Cloth 60 cents W. H. Bristol, Beaufort, S. C.)

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